IN MEMORIAM.

THE blue-eyed month, the dryad of the year,
May, palpable, half-visible, is here!
She lives, encompassed by her leafy screen,
To peep with laughing eyes, herself unseen.

She lingers in the lanes or ferny wood,
Or where the meadows bloom in solitude,
Or listens on the river's sedgy brink
To the glad song of her own bobolink.
Her swift foot pauses where the grasses wave
Above some half-forgotten soldier's grave.
She stoops above war desolated spots
To seal forgiveness with forget-me-nots,
And writes with mosses on the crumbling stone
Heroic names recalled by her alone.

O May, so prodigal in memories!
Hast thou forgot the battles on the seas?
Hast thou forgot the seamen that went down
Without a fear to blanch the cheek of brown?
No violet or primrose ever rests
Its fluted leaves upon these warrior-breasts.
No friendly hand has decked their ocean grave
Nor sorrow's tribute reached them through the wave.
Perchance the drifting seaweed drops a spray
In the unfolded arm, then floats away;
Perchance those crystal corridors below
Are lighted by a faint and shifting glow
Where passing birds, with soft and sheeny wings,
Shed gleams of glory in their wanderings!

Not for their age alone the brave old ships
Set thundering trumpets to their iron lips!
They poured that awful eloquence of fire
To right the wrong, and lift the right still higher.
The ocean or the shipyard claims the wrecks,
And shadowy crews invest the rotting decks.
A ghostly canvas flutters to the breeze.
Hast thou no garlands, May, for such as these?
Bring thy deep urn filled with a nation's tears,
Sing thy sweet psalm sprung from our happier years;
And where a warship moulders on our shore,
Worn like a grandsire whose long work is o'er,
Yet on whose rough cheek baby fingers stray,
Give the grim past the blossoms of to-day!

—Curtis May, in Youth's Companion.

AUNT DRUSILLA'S MEMORIAL DAY.

"AUNT DRUSILLA," shouted two bright young voices in concert, "teacher says we are to ride in the procession on Decoration day and carry flowers to the soldiers' graves."

Aunt Drusilla looked up from her sewing, gave a scarcely audible sigh and said nothing. Too much excited to notice this apparent lack of interest on the part of her aunt, the elder child continued the fascinating description of the event in which she hoped to play so prominent a part. In a breathless tone, wherein was just a suspicion of an undercurrent of pride, she proceeded eagerly:

"And I am to walk first, teacher says—and we are to wear white dresses with bright sashes—it will be lovely, I"—

"It won't be quite so lovely if we haven't any white dresses to wear," interrupted her little sister Myra, who was of a practical turn of mind. Myrtle's face fell somewhat at this, and a moment or two of thoughtful silence followed. Quickly rallying, however, she turned to her aunt as to a person of inexhaustible resources, saying confidently:

"Aunt Drusilla will fix us some, I know she will."

"No you don't, Myrtle, Aunt Drusilla hasn't said she would."

"You will, won't you, aunt?" said Myrtle, coaxingly.

"You must wait until I think it over, children—you know I am not made of money."

As this was a somewhat common expression with Aunt Drusilla when extra drains were made on her pocketbook, and often resulted favorably, the little girls felt no serious misgivings with reference to their white dresses.

Left once more to herself Drusilla continued her work with thoughts which wandered far from her present surroundings. Time had flown by, carrying with it one by one of her old associates, either on the matrimonial wave, or to the shore where there is "neither marrying nor giving in marriage," and still she, Drusilla Dexter, remained with an uneventful past and an apparently joyless future. I said "uneventful;" in that, perhaps I erred—taking the general opinion of the few who thought they knew Drusilla's history from beginning to end as a criterion for the precise truth.

The wise man has truly said: "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness and a stranger intermeddleth no. with its joys," and he might have added—its own secret hopes.

Some fifteen years before the date of my story, while in her father's home, Drusilla cherished, and fell asleep many a night to dream of, an ideal of a manly type. No one suspected it—naturally reserved, she said but little of what touched her in the tenderest spots. Hugh Manning, their neighbor's son, was a big boy when she first started for school. His was the friendly hand upon which she had relied in all her childish troubles, and out of the abundance of a large-hearted nature he never refused to help the shy little maiden whose thanks were often only an appreciative smile. Years passed in this way until Hugh was a man indeed and Drusilla a sweet-faced maiden. The neighborly companionship continued and Drusilla cared for none other. To see him once in a few days, even, satisfied her.

The distant rumblings of war at last penetrated the little western village where they lived, and women's hearts failed them, knowing that the call for their loved ones would surely come. Then Drusilla awoke from the blissful dream in which she had indulged to the reality of a heartache and a startling consciousness of the fact which is either fraught with much joy or sorrow to a woman, viz., that her heart was no longer in her own keeping—irrevocably given to another. The call for men came even sooner than was anticipated, and Hugh was one of the first to offer himself. Notwithstanding her grief Drusilla would not have had it otherwise. Her ideal was a brave man, stalwart and fearless—but oh, the misery of it! Her father and young brother were likewise going; the one on the extreme limit of age permissible, and the other almost too young for service, but they were ready and willing, and the women were too loyal to their country to say them nay.

The last night before the men started, the two families of the Mannings and Dexters met at the latter's house for a farewell supper. Beneath the pleasant flow of genial neighborly chat there lay the deep current of turbulent thought and sad forebodings to which none would give voice lest the others should be disheartened. Drusilla waited on the table with a white face and a compressed look about her mouth, telling of a speechless grief harder to bear because it must not find voice.

It was an evening in June. The roses were in full bloom and filled the air with their sweetness. The scent of roses reminded Drusilla of that evening for many years after. Weary of the strain of keeping up appearances the girl went for a breath of air down the garden path between the rose bushes. A sense of desolation, too undefined for language, lay like a heavy burden on her heart. Hearing a footstep on the walk she hastily turned, dreading the interruption to these few stolen moments of freedom from restraint. A glance at the supposed intruder sufficed to bring the color to her white lips.

"What did you run away for, Drusilla?" said Hugh, cheerily. "Why, you surely are not crying because we go to fight our country's battles and, please God, to return with honor to our friends. You must exercise faith and courage, Drusilla, it is the only way to endure these separations."

"I cannot, Hugh. It is far easier for you to go than for us who remain to stay at home and weep," replied the girl, tearfully.

"How do you know that, Drusilla. I—"

There was no opportunity for further speech, the rest of the family joined them and the conversation became general. The summons came earlier than was expected in the morning and leave-takings were of necessity brief. Faith and courage—those two words burned themselves, as it were, into Drusilla's very soul. Faith first in her God and then in Hugh, and courage to take up boldly the duties of each long sad day, and to wait for the tidings of loved ones that might never come.

STEPPED UP TO THE LEADER.

Some time after the departure of the men from Leigh Valley a distant relative visited the family and brought for Drusilla, as a present, a beautiful white dress. In an instant the thought occurred to her that it might serve as a wedding dress if Hugh should return and ask her to be his wife.

"He meant to do so that night, I am sure," she frequently said to herself. "Oh, if he had only spoken, it would have been easier to bear now."

Troubles came thickly to the Dexter family after the first year of absence. Occasionally letters from the field told of wounds and suffering, and finally they ceased altogether. From Hugh there were two or three communications to his family, and then he too was silent. At the close of the war the father and brother returned. Careful nursing restored the latter, but no loving care could bring health to the shattered constitution of the former, and in a few months he was laid to rest in a soldier's grave. Hugh's whereabouts was a mystery. He was heard of as wounded and a prisoner, and the opinion of his relatives was that he too had fallen a victim to the horrors of the war.

"Faith and courage, oh for it!" prayed Drusilla many times a day; "not my will, but Thine be done," she murmured from the depths of her stricken soul.

Her mother died, and then she went to a distant town to live with her brother, who had married and settled down. As the patient aunt of his little girls, and the mainstay of the church to which she belonged, she did not lead an unhappy life, although an abiding sorrow was her portion. The mystery attending Hugh's fate remained unsolved. Other troubles, however, followed. Her brother and his wife were both taken, and she was left sole guardian to the little girls, Myrtle and Myra.

Hearing of another town in which she could get suitable employment so as to eke out the small income at her disposal, she took the children with her and settled down as a dressmaker. "Faith and courage," oh, how she needed them now; alone with two little ones depending on her.

Day by day, with a steady purpose of doing faithfully the work coming to her, she worked and won victory after victory over discouragement and occasional seeming defeat. These decoration days were seasons requiring more faith and courage than at times she felt she possessed.

If, like the soldiers' widows, she could have laid flowers on the grave of her loved one, and thought of him in the rest of Heaven, her burden would have grown light in comparison, but this was not to be wherefore she knew not.

The problem of the children's white dresses, on the day on which our story opened, occupied her mind some time after their departure. Money was scarce with her just now, sickness had thrown her behind, and for awhile rigid economy had to be exercised.

"Why not give them your white dress; you will never have it made up for yourself," whispered common sense. Now this white dress was the only tangible thing poor Drusilla felt she had to look at connected with the one romance in her life. As such she prized it, and had kept it wrapped up in blue paper to preserve its color.

"Yes," she said to herself, "it will make them two beautiful dresses, and as soldier children they will decorate the graves."

Myrtle and Myra were in transports of joy over the prospect of their new white dresses. Myrtle was especially jubilant, too much so to notice her aunt's face as she folded the goods and put them away. Myra, however, whom little escaped, observed it, and told Myrtle she was sure something was troubling Aunt Drusilla.

"What can it be?" said Myrtle, coming down at once from her excitement.

"I don't know, Myrtle, but I believe it is about Decoration day. Aunt looked as though she cried last year, I remember."

It rained the day before Decoration day, and many were the fears expressed by the children lest it would be too wet to wear their new white dresses. Myrtle, who resembled her aunt, with fair hair and blue eyes, looked at herself with great satisfaction in the looking glass. The sunshine threw streaks of gold on her hair and a rosy tint on her cheeks.

"Won't you come to the cemetery and see us, aunt?" asked Myra, holding up her face for a good-by kiss.

"No, dear, I think not. You can tell me all about it when you come home. Be good children, and be careful not to spoil your dresses. Good-by!"

"Faith and courage," whispered the lonely woman to herself, when the sound of their footsteps had died away in the distance. "I need them as much as ever. Will it ever cease to be a struggle to keep them up? So far I have had sustaining grace, but how about the long future?"

"As thy day so shall thy strength be," came to her cheerily, and she resumed her sewing with peace, yes, and with a positive joy in her heart.

Meanwhile the children were having a grand time. The weather was perfect, and the arrangements all which could be desired. The G. A. R. men were drawn up in line at the entrance of the cemetery while the children marched past them, Myrtle heading the procession. One of the men started violently on seeing her, and could hardly forbear breaking from the ranks and hastening to overtake her. When the graves were all decorated and the children were marching back to the conveyances at the cemetery gates, the man left his comrades and stepped up to the leader.

In the few minutes intervening between their arrival and taking their seats in the carriages he contrived to ask her if her name was Dexter, or if she had relatives of that name?

"Yes, Myra and I are called Dexter, and so is our aunt, Miss Drusilla. Do you know her?" asked the child, looking curiously at the gray-haired G. A. R.

"Yes, that is, I used to. Where do you live?"

"With Aunt Drusilla, in a small white house with green blinds, on Spencer street. Good-by, sir, I must get in now. Come, Myra."

On the children's arrival at home they found their aunt engaged with a customer, so that there was no chance to tell her of the afternoon's performance for quite a little while. Just as they were about to do so there was a ring at the doorbell, and as their aunt was assisting them to take off their finery neither of them could go to the door.

"I wonder if it's that man?" said Myra. "He has had about time to get here."

"Hush, Myra, don't you hear aunt crying? What can be the matter?"

A strange stillness had fallen over the occupants of the sitting-room after that one loud sob of sorrow—or rather joy.

The little girls waited in vain for their aunt to come and finish their toilets, so they concluded to wait upon each other, as they usually did, and then go and see what ailed their aunt. This was soon executed, so eager were they to solve the mysterious coming of this stranger. On entering the room they found the G. A. R. man occupying a seat very near their aunt, who appeared to be in too happy a state of mind to warrant that sob. On seeing the children Drusilla held out her hand to Myrtle, who happened to be foremost, saying, with a smile in which there was a mingling of various emotions:

"These are poor Heber's children, Hugh. They are all that is left of my old home."

"This little lady's likeness to you was the means of my finding you, Drusilla, after my long search. I only intended remaining here a week, so that my chances were small of meeting with you."

A few words will suffice to explain Hugh's silence and long absence. He had written to Drusilla, asking her to be his wife, soon after wishing her good-by, but unfortunately the letter was lost. He was injured in the head during one of the first engagements. On his apparent recovery from the wound it was discovered that his memory was a blank, and without being exactly insane, he came very near it. For several years he continued in this condition. Finally, however, he recovered under skillful treatment, and then set on a quest for his loved ones. No one in his native village knew Drusilla's latest move, and the search seemed hopeless.

By the will of his father, who had died recently, he had come into considerable property, and, as he told Drusilla, there would be no further need for her to be a breadwinner.

"I am afraid, Hugh," she answered, with a loving smile, "that with so much happiness in prospect I shall be tempted to forget my daily prayer for faith and courage!"—Mrs. W. L. Sanders, in Chicago Standard.

HER OPINION OF IT.

A Curious Couple and the Congressman from Their District.

"Once when I was in one of my back counties," said a Tennessee congressman, "I stopped at a small hotel where I was an object of curiosity to a couple of natives, evidently man and wife. I was sitting out on a little porch in front of the house reading a newspaper, and they were watching me as if I were some kind of a new creation, but I tried to remain unconscious of it, behind my paper. Finally they began to talk.

"'Who d' you reckon he is?' queried the woman in a half whisper.

"'Dunno; sposin' I ax him?' he ventured, quite as curious as she was.

"'You dasn't,' she said in a tone implying that she hoped he would, and he did, and I told him I was the congressman from that district. He went back to her smiling.

"'Guess who?' he said.

"'Some kinder drummer er other,' she replied, peeping at me cautiously.

"The man shook his head.

"'He ain't no preacher, I'm shore,' she said, 'but he might be a sewin' machine agent.'

"'No, he ain't,' said the man, 'he's the congressman frum this deestrick; that's what he is.'

"'Did he tell you so?' she asked, incredulously.

"'In course.'

"'My,' she exclaimed, 'I wouldn't a' thought it. It's bad enough to be one without goin' 'round tellin' everybody.'"

SURE THEY WOULDN'T FIT.

The Predicament of a Lady Doctor Who Was Philanthropically Inclined.

The other evening Mrs. Dr. Myra Knox heard a violent ring at her door bell. She answered it in person. Through the dim light, and directly under the swinging sign which informs the multitude that "Dr. Knox" may be found within, stood one of the hungry unemployed. The doctor has a large heart which responds quickly to all forms of human distress, and she became interested at once.

"My good man," she asked, "what can I do for you?"

"Please, ma'am," came the meek answer, "would you be so kind as to give me a pair of the doctor's old pants? I'm nearly naked, as you can see."

Mrs. Knox did not laugh. She never laughs at human misery, no matter how its laughable features may be presented to her. But she said, solemnly:

"My poor man, I would willingly comply with your request, but I know the doctor's pants would not fit you. Apply to Dr. Buckel, next door."

How Dr. Buckel disposed of the needy fellow has not been divulged. In fact, the story stops right here. Dr. Buckel's first name is Annette.—San Francisco Wave.

Growth of the Pearl Oyster.

It has been found by Saville-Kent that the pearl oyster reaches maturity in a shorter time than formerly supposed. He thinks that under favorable conditions a period not exceeding three years suffices for the shell to attain to the marketable size of eight or nine inches in diameter, and that heavy shells of five pounds or six pounds weight per pair may be the product of five years growth.

In His Native Element.

Attendant—Prof. Pithon, the naturalist, has got the d. t.'s to-night. Imagines he's surrounded by all sorts of queer snakes.

Head Physician—Is he greatly terrified?

Attendant—Not at all; he's sitting there with a sweet smile on his face, classifying them.—Puck.

AMERICAN WOOL IN ENGLAND.

Free Wool Is Very Likely to Advance Prices.

The political wool growers who still proclaim that higher duties on wool are needed to bring back higher prices will hereafter produce but little effect upon the common sense real wool grower. In addition to the fact that lower prices have followed higher duties we have, at last, under the highly protective McKinley duties, begun to export wool in considerable quantities—showing that the prices of our wools are now not only as low, but a little lower, than prices of similar foreign wools.

On April 8, the following report was sent out from Washington:

"The American consul at Bradford, England, reports to the department of state that an endless amount of gossip has been caused there during the last six weeks by the offering for sale of large quantities of American wool. Several lots of Ohio wool, aggregating 50,000 pounds, were reported among the purchases. One Bradford firm, which bought 5,000 pounds, paying for the various grades from 22½ to 26 cents per pound, said the wool gave perfect satisfaction, so much so, in fact, that it was holding it for higher prices.

"The purchaser explained to the consul that the American skin wools were especially adapted for hosiery yarns and were equal to the finest English crossbreds, the only thing that has kept their price down being, in his opinion, the fact that American manufacturers have not fully mastered the manipulation of the skin or pulled wools which are taken from the sheep after death. As a general thing, the prices of American wools of all grades are now practically the same as those of the similar English grades.

"The manufacturers in Bradford assert that the moment the tariff bill becomes a law the prices of American wools will revive, and several of them are so strong in this belief that they have made large investments in wool now held in Philadelphia and Boston. They insist that the new impetus given to manufactures by free raw material will cause larger quantities of the United States grown article to be mixed with fine foreign wools, and that the demand for American wools for hosiery purposes will immediately set in on the English market. It is already proposed by wool dealers in England to exchange the grades of wool more suitable for dress goods and cloths for the American wool adapted for hosiery and other purposes. They argue that this will at once bring about renewed activity in the trade and raise prices. Over 250,000 pounds of American wools are now offered in the Bradford market at prices which cannot be accepted until there is a prospect for disposing readily of the manufactured product."

TARIFF ROBBERY.

The Thief That Filches from One Man to Enrich Another.

Indirect taxation is the greatest and meanest thief on earth. This thief takes little at a time, but he takes that little from each person 365 days out of every year. No civilized person on this globe is exempt from his ravages. He has the authority of the government to plunder its citizens. The government knows that the thief is cautious, judicious and sly and that he has had experience in the art of extracting money from the pockets of the people for revenue and "other purposes," as the McKinley bill puts it. The thief turns over to the government about one-third of the swag and gives the other two-thirds to his real employers—the manufacturers and monopolists.

Thus the thief pilfers from us each year over $300,000,000 for our government and probably $600,000,000 more for the monopolists and trusts—an average of nearly $75 a year from each family, $50 of which goes to a favored few. With such a magnificent thief abroad in our land it is no wonder that we have produced over 4,000 millionaires since 1860 who, according to the census of 1890, own one-fifth of all our wealth. It is no wonder that 9 per cent. of our population own over 70 per cent. of our wealth, leaving 91 per cent. practically paupers, living from hand to mouth.

This condition of affairs is a reversal of the condition in 1860, when 90 per cent. of our population owned over 70 per cent. of our wealth. A thief that has in thirty years transferred nearly $70,000,000,000 from the pockets of the masses to the pockets of the classes is certainly the greatest of all thieves. He is also the meanest, for, unlike most thieves who operate mainly upon the rich, his victims are the hard working people. He stealthily lays hold of every fifth dollar of the poor and carries it exultingly to the vaults of the rich.

Shame on the senator who is such a traitor to the people or who is so grossly ignorant of the character of indirect taxation that he will rise in his place in the senate to champion the interests of the greatest and meanest of thieves.—A. W. H.

UNSCIENTIFIC ECONOMICS.

Statesmen Who Believe in Longitudinal Free Trade and Latitudinal Protection.

Some people entertain the delusion that, although the laws of mathematics and the physical sciences are applicable to all countries, yet the same inflexible quality does not belong to the laws of moral science. They believe that these can be changed according to the whim of legislatures, and the exigencies of climate and geography. They think that the principles of free trade may be philosophical and wise in one country, and the reverse in another; that "infancy" is a good plea in behalf of protection in a new country, but not in an old one; that agriculture ought to be protected at the expense of manufactures in England, and manufactures protected at the expense of agriculture in America. We have statesmen in congress who believe in longitudinal free trade and latitudinal protection; who think that free trade would be scientific and valuable between us and the nations to the north and south of us, but mischievous and unwise between us and the nations east and west. But the laws of political economy cannot be bent to suit the differences of latitude and longitude. The freedom of trade that benefits England would benefit the United States. Commercial principles cannot vary between Liverpool and New York, nor between Boston and Montreal. It is very curious that, while the citizens of London were petitioning their parliament for commercial freedom, the citizens of Boston were asking congress for the same right. It gives a rude shock to the vanity of an American revenue reformer of the present day to find that his arguments were anticipated by his countrymen sixty-five years ago. In 1827, when our "infant industries" were much more infantile than they are now, a committee of the citizens of Boston thus protested against the injustice of a protective tariff. They declared it false to say that "dear goods made at home are better than cheap ones made abroad; that capital and labor cannot be employed in this country without protective duties; that it is patriotic to tax the many for the benefit of the few; that it is just to aid by legislation manufactures that do not succeed without it; that we ought to sell to other nations, but never buy from them." They go on to say: "These are, we have long since known, fundamental principles among the advocates of the American system. It is, however, extraordinary that these ancient and memorable maxims, sprung from the darkest ages of ignorance and barbarism, should take their last refuge here."—M. M. Trumbull, in The Free Trade Struggle in England.

QUAY ON THE TARIFF.

The Pennsylvania Senator Should Read Up a Little.

The best proof of the success of the tariff of 1846, which Senator Quay has made the latest attempt to arraign, lies in the simple fact that from the day of its enactment till 1861 no serious effort was made by any party in congress to change it, except in the direction of lower duties. In 1848 the whigs elected their candidate for president, with a majority in congress, through a disunion of the democratic party on the slavery question, but they found the tariff by that time so acceptable to the country that they did not undertake to disturb it. Gen. Taylor was elected president, not because he was opposed to the tariff of 1846, but because he was a popular soldier of the war with Mexico. The whig platform of 1848 was comprised pretty much in the refrain of the campaign song:

We'll put old Zach in the White house, boys,
And Whitey in the White house stable.

In 1852 the party opposed to the tariff of 1846 was so completely broken down that its candidate for president, Gen. Winfield Scott, received the electoral votes of only four states of the union, namely, Kentucky, Tennessee, Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Soon after this the whig party dissolved, and its political assigns and successors, the republicans and know-nothings, made no issue on the tariff. With the fall of the whig party, its high protective tariff creed was eliminated from political controversy.

As a crowning proof of the popularity and success of the tariff of 1846, in 1857, after an experience of eleven years, leading republicans in congress, including William H. Seward, Henry Wilson, afterwards vice president, and Lafayette S. Foster, in the senate, and many republicans in the house, including most of the New England members, aided in still further reducing the duties on imports. From an average of 25 per cent. the duties were lowered by republican votes to an average of 19 per cent. It is too late in the day to seek to open the judgment pronounced by the founders of the republican party in favor of the tariff of 1846.—Philadelphia Record.

Balance of Nonsense.

The "balance of trade" in our favor for the past eight months of panic and distress is $218,000,000. Shades of Blaine and substance of McKinley, where is that balance? We know, for they have told us, that such balances are always "paid over," and in "gold." That some $200,000,000 was paid over in 1890, McKinley asserted on his sacred honor, though how it slipped in and who had got it he firmly refused to say. Anyhow it was a great triumph of protection and a crowning proof of the prosperity of the country, showing how exceeding clever we had been to have sold the deluded foreigners $200,000,000 more than we had bought of them. But now it seems that hard times are even better than protection to bring about that blessed crippling of our purchasing power. To a mind like McKinley's this must be "suggestive of much," though to the ordinary mind its principle suggestion will be that the balance of trade is, as commonly understood, nothing but the balance of nonsense.—N. Y. Post.

Pig Iron to England.

Several days ago there were shipped to England from Birmingham, Ala., two hundred tons of pig iron. This shipment follows one that was made a few weeks ago, and it is admitted that arrangements have been made for exportations hereafter. If the iron makers of the Birmingham district can sell their iron profitably in the English market, after paying the land and ocean transportation charges, why do they need to be protected here at home against competitive sales of imported English iron and against Cuban iron ore by the tariff duties which they have demanded and which they, with the assistance of others, have induced the senate committee to impose in the pending bill?—N. Y. Times.

Unconscious Humor.

The tariff debate in the senate has lacked the element of humor until now. The omission has now been supplied by Senator Quay, who pleads that the tariff question be taken out of politics and considered purely as a business question. To anyone at all familiar with the part performed by Senator Quay in the national campaign of 1888, this plea will at once appear as the very quintessence of humor. And the best part of it is that it seems to be of the unconscious sort.—Boston Herald.